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DECEMBER, 1949

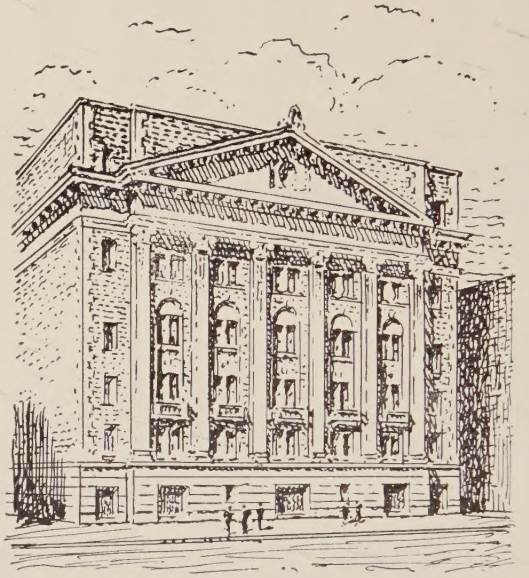
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Christmas Everywhere

For the Christ-child who comes is the master of all;
No palace too great, no cottage too small.

Phillips Brooks



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVI **December, 1949** *Number 9*

ALONG THE WAY

(Quoted from "Our Faith" published by The Unitarian Christian Fellowship, Boston, Massachusetts.)

The Wider Fellowship

PAUL HARMON CHAPMAN

(U.C.F. Representative at Amsterdam)

The thirteenth congress of the International Association for Liberal Christianity and Religious Freedom met at Amsterdam in July in the friendly atmosphere of our Dutch hosts. There was study, discussion and worship, but those who met together felt that the tie which bound them was the fellowship from which came deepening friendships, sympathetic understanding, and growing community of interests.

Dr. John H. Lathrop, retiring president of the I.A.R.F., sounded the keynote in his opening address. "Our liberal faith," he said, "must be as broad as the political faith that draws men together in institutions such as the United Nations." It was the task of Liberal Christians "to affirm in this stricken world that human life can only go forward if men believe in the will to righteousness." The way of Jesus was the only way if the human race is to survive. These words of Dr. Lathrop's were supplemented by Professor Van Holk, who urged that the great need of our day is "to uphold the sovereignty of the moral conscience."

The public evening meetings drew large crowds and heard significant utterances. A paper on "The Free Community" by Mr. Chuter Ede, who was held in England by the longshoremen's strike, was read by Rev. John Kielty. It emphasized the importance of meeting today's challenge. "The freedom of the human spirit could never be assured to a generation or nation that is not resolute to defend it. There are always enemies lurking to destroy the sacred cause, and against their efforts the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

Professor Lavergne of Paris, speaking on "Sovereignty and Freedom," declared that "Christianity is essentially ecumenical and completely ignores national frontiers. Federalism does not set value upon frontiers. It unites neighboring nations into a larger unity. It is a practical expression of Christian universalism and the best possible incarnation of the ecumenical idea."

Dr. P. J. Oud, Lord Mayor of Rotterdam, sounded a similar note. "There is more than the Christianity of the church," he said. "There is a Christianity above differences of faith. Christianity is a great light of which the different creeds are separate rays. It

does not remain in the church. It is a social power, a stream which has discharged itself through all the veins of society." Dr. Oud warned against humanist tendencies. "There are people who are ready to accept principles of morality that are based on Christian principles and yet deny these principles. They profess themselves adherents of a humanism which has no root in belief in God." He pointed out that the Dutch had learned the danger of that during the war, when they discovered this godless attitude was the explanation of atrocities and concentration camps. The challenge of the present, he said, is "to restore man's lost faith in the Christian message."

At the final evening session, Dr. Preston Bradley took as his text two sentences from Dr. Frederick Eliot's sermon which had been delivered in the morning. "The world is waiting for someone who will put his faith to the final test; the world is waiting for us. We must wait for God, but God may be waiting for us at this moment." In his forceful and dramatic manner Dr. Bradley challenged a statement some speaker had made to the effect that a new and better order will emerge "in God's good time." He pointed to the urgency thrust upon us by our atomic age, and urged that we strive valiantly to bring in the Kingdom of God now, "lest a thousand years of degradation shall come."

As the delegates said goodbye in the courtyard of the Old Remonstrant Church, the hidden church with its stable doors, they carried with them something of that indomitable spirit of their Dutch hosts who have so staunchly defended and maintained liberal Christianity, and succored and supported for centuries the liberals of other lands as well as their own.

* * *

"Only religious faith can make the world safe for freedom; only religious faith can make freedom safe for the world."—*William Temple*

The Common Bond

Speaking at a luncheon in New York on his recent visit to this country, Dr. Albert Schweitzer, medical missionary philosopher of French Equatorial Africa, said that the future of the Protestant church in the world rests on "all of us finding ourselves tied together by our Christian faith."

PRAYER FOR PEACE

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy peace. Where there is hatred, let me sow love. Where there is doubt, faith. Where there is despair, hope. Where there is darkness, light. And where there is sadness, joy.

O, Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life.

Saint Francis of Assisi

"THE HOPE OF THE WORLD"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
October 16, 1949

I WONDER if there is anyone in the congregation this morning or anyone listening on the air who, upon careful analysis of their own heart, will be able to say: "I haven't any hope in my life at all." I cannot imagine a more pitiful or tragic individual. If there is a person in the congregation this morning or anyone in association with this service who can honestly look into my face and say: "Well, Dr. Bradley, I haven't any hope for the world or for the future or for myself." Can you imagine such a person? Can you imagine a person who has become so completely disintegrated and demoralized who has lost the capacity of integrating life into specific terms to such an extent as to say "I haven't any hope"? It seems to me that that phrase itself is the culminating expression of about the lowest ebb a person's soul could ever reach. "I haven't any hope!" Yet I am meeting that phrase every day as I confer with people and go about my work and meet people in various professions, in engagements, contacts and associations, and I am meeting it with increasing freqeuncy; businessmen, who say to me, "Look at this present situation in the sphere of American labor." Now in these past two or three days and more particularly in the last few hours —perhaps it may finally present the most solid, united front which American labor has ever presented in the history of American industry. The A. F. of L. and the C. I. O. finally agree to forget all their differences and amalgamate themselves together—this, in the last few hours seems now to be a possibility and a definite probability. What is that going to signify? I have met many a leader and an executive in the past few days who has said to me, about the labor problem and labor-management: "I haven't any hope for the future. Things are going to get worse before they get better."

I meet people who listen to the commentators and what a pitiful group these commentators are! I have been making it a part of my radio listening these past few days to hear these commentators—men who express opinions with such dogmatic finality that you would think they were endowed by some power of understanding and reasoning and observation that was to be denied ordinary mortals. I heard one of them last night, and how he did pontificate! He knew what was the matter with everybody and everything—with the whole world! And out he comes with his great conclusions.

Now the importance of a thing and the effect of an opinion and the conclusion ought to depend pretty largely on the equipment and the authenticity of the man who says it. It isn't just a matter of taking an opinion; I want to know who the man is who expresses the opinion. I want to validate his opinion by some achievement in his own life. I want his opinion validated by the most valuable thing—experience. I want him to know. I care very little about listening to someone talk about economics who never, himself, had a serious problem in economics, and very little familiarity with the subject. Like men who have to do with the whole principle of taxation in the

country never having had to meet a payroll in their lives, yet drawing thousands and thousands of dollars a year in salary, when they are not worth $2,500 a year, and yet they are in positions of responsibility where they are able to outline policy that affects billions and billions of dollars. Well, now, people look at a situation like that and say "We have no hope."

Then we turn and look at the larger picture of the world. Hold up a newspaper. Just any newspaper—The World's Greatest—or any newspaper, it doesn't make any difference. Just hold up any newspaper and look at the front page and just analyze it a moment. Any one of them. Take your Sunday newspaper, that you have now —and some of you folks are sitting at home in front of the radio, reading the Sunday newspaper, and trying to listen to Dr. Bradley—or you are lying on your couch listening to me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself! You ought to be here, where we could get a chance at you when the offering basket comes around! You stay home and get the benefit of the service and listen to me, and to our fine music, and there isn't any better in Chicago that I know of, and you get it all so comfortably! It doesn't cost you a cent! I HOPE A TUBE BLOWS OUT!!!

Well, people look at this upset world and say, "I haven't any hope!" "No hope for the world!" "Look at the crime—the juvenile delinquency—look at Atlee—look at Bevan—look at Stalin." You look at him. I don't want to. You look at all the leadership of the world and you say "Where is there any hope?"

Now I have heard so much of that since I got back from Europe this fall, that I made up my mind it was about time I should say a few things about the hope of the world. So I said, I am going to talk about the hope of the world and I would like to do it realistically.

Now that's a word that has crept into the vocabulary of a great many speakers and writers, and people of every class use it with great facility. You must be realistic, they say. Every little while, when I get off on a tangent about my dreams and hopes and ideals, I will get a letter from someone who says, "Dr. Bradley, you are very inspirational, but you aren't realistic." Now I would like to do something to demolish the superficial implications of that word realistic. We find it running through literature. Take some of our modern novels. Books like "The Rage to Live." Best seller in Chicago last week on the fiction list. Have you read it? Well, I ought not to say what I am going to say now. Perhaps I won't say it, because every last one of you will run into a book store tomorrow to buy it and read it, so I am going to withhold any comment on it at all. I am going to practice something Irving Cobb advised once;—and when shall we look upon his like again.

Do you know the two men I miss most of all now? Not some profound philosopher; not some great philosophical mind, who has all this figured out in terms of the great processes of history. That isn't the individual. I am missing two men. Irving Cobb and Will Rogers! This is the hour for Will Rogers; and he left no successor! Plenty of imitators, and imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. He had no successors, but plenty of imitators. What do you think Will Rogers would do with a lot of this modern scene. Can you see or anticipate (of course falteringly, but with some sort of a conception) what that analytical, photographic, incisive mind of Will Rogers would do with a world like this, and a situation like this? How he would strip all the veneer and sophis-

try, the platitudes and bromides—how he would strip all the veneer away, until we were right down to the basic, bed-rock reality, and wouldn't his observations be something? Remember that sentence of his—"We have never lost a war—or won a conference!" How about that for a sentence as applied to a whole lot of the diplomatic history of the United States. Well, I miss him, and I miss Irving Cobb. First, because no person can have creative hope in their heart about anything—the world —one's own future—anything at all—(and hope is always creative)—without creating the thing they hope for. The direct effect of an honest hope is the creation of the thing you hope for. That's a part of its technique. No person can have a deep-seated, fundamental hope for themselves, for their own lives,—maybe it's a hope that they can clean them up; wash them; cleanse them; straighten out their bodies and their souls;—no person can ardently and sincerely hope for that condition without the hope of itself automatically beginning to open up the doors for the realization. That's why one of the fundamental theses of one of the greatest institutions in this country,—Alcoholics Anonymous—is so psychologically sound. There must be a complete and total realization of the utter hopelessness of doing the task merely by one's self. They must find a point of contact, when the hope is there—the hope for recovery and restoration—the hope must touch the source of recovery and the miracle happens. It cannot fail. It is true. It is real. And that's a principle in the philosophy of hope.

I am not going to quote from scripture or the philosophy of the poets. I want to keep this thing on a very basic level—a very basic conception of it. What is it you want to do with your life? Are you satisfied with it? Are you running into difficulty? Are you beginning to have doubts about your doing the thing that you ought to be doing? Is there some kind of a disturbance beginning to creep in its insidious way into your life? Something diverting you from the goal? Something bound to create a lukewarmness in your loyalty, so that you are not quite sure of things? Are you indicating symptoms that all is not well in your soul? Well, if you can find a way to appraise that in the light of the hope dominating your life, you will find what will happen. You will see doors beginning to open for you that you didn't even realize were there; and life never closes a door on you that it doesn't open another one. For every closed door you run into—every time a door is closed in your face and you feel that the bottom of life has dropped out and everything you have given your life to falls about you like a house of cards, and you stand in the midst of that wreckage,—if there is one little gleam left in your deepest conscience, of hope, you will begin to listen and you will begin to hear the creaking of opening doors. A door may close on you, yes. No matter your sin; no matter your crime; no matter your failure; if your heart took on a gleam of hope, something will begin to happen. That's true. The hope of the world.

That's why I am going to use toward that book I mentioned a few minutes ago (and which you thought I had forgotten all about, but I hadn't. That's the way I preach.) something that Irving Cobb called "The thunder of silence." He was asked his opinion of a certain man, and he replied, "I am going to use on that gentleman my favorite weapon;—the thunder of silence." Ah, that's good. The thunder of silence. And that's a weapon; a powerful weapon, for there are people who simply can't stand to be ignored.

They just can't stand it. Anything but that; anything at all.

Now I know what some of you expected in the sermon this morning on the hope of the world. You thought probably I would say, the United Nations. I don't think the United Nations is the hope of the world. I saw it born, down at Lake Success, and Hunter College, and am going to the next meeting of UNESCO. Some of you think it may be the United States of Europe; that dream of Victor Hugo, later crystallized by Briand; and in these later days finding effectiveness in the mind of Winston Churchill. No, not even the United States of Europe. You will not find it even in a perfect organization or in international machinery. I don't think that is the hope of the world. I will tell you what I think is the hope of the world.

I believe all these things are necessary and they are important and they must not be minimized as to their importance or significance.

I shall tell you what I think the hope of the world is, and why I have so much hope in my own heart for the world, realizing the creative impact of hope. After all, we become the thing that our hope creates. We become that; and that's a lot.

You remember a man named Albert Einstein. Everyone has heard of him. One of the greatest men alive. One of the finest minds civilization has ever produced; a great man. Associated of course with him is that mysterious and mystical theory of relativity. Do you know what relativity is? I asked Albert Einstein once. I had lunch with him here in Chicago; his wife was living at the time and he came on, and a few of us were invited to have lunch with him. Now I don't like mathematics. I couldn't raise A plus B to the 6th power to save my immortal soul. I think when I passed out of public school into high school, the teacher gave me 77 in mathematics and you had to have 75 to pass. And when I go to Heaven I am going to ask that teacher (all teachers, I think, go there) if she didn't snitch a little bit to give me 77, because I don't believe I ever got a passing mark in mathematics; but I was so good in history and reading and English—had no trouble at all there—so I just think she didn't want to hold me back, and I think that's all right. So I said to Dr. Einstein: "I am not a mathematician, but could you give me in a few sentences an idea of what relativity is? I don't know what it is scientifically, but I know in the world of ethics." Dr. Einstein said, "Yes, it is very simple, Dr. Bradley." You see how relatively simple it was to him? It was so involved that I was in an impenetrable forest. To him it was simple.

Life is always relative you see. We do not understand the relativity of life. So he said to me, "I can make it very simple. Relativity in its final expressions is simply this: That two parallel lines extending through space ultimately meet." Now you just go ahead and work on it. It's as simple as that. There you have it. There is a lot of relativity in the field of human relations. It was spoken by the most philosophic mind of Christianity; the mind of Paul, when he said: "No man liveth unto himself alone." There is the theory of relativity.

You ask me what the hope of the world is? Dr. Einstein said, and I only use it for illustration: "If we could get two percent of the people organized effectively in a working minority against war, we could stop war." Two percent could stop war.

I am not going to even intimate the necessity of putting into a sermon the philosophy against war. I take it that every first-rate mind has long concluded that war is the most useless,

wasteful institution that ever grew up in civilization. That is not even questionable to me. I can find no defense for that institution. So I am not introducing the element at all of war, in itself. What is the hope of the world? A two per cent minority. Not the mass. Not the mob. Not a psychological integration of mass hysteria and opinion that changes the course of human history, but the minority; a few, who do not let go of their dream, in the presence of the pressure of the mobs; who are not interested in being accepted at the expense of their own intellectual integrity; who do not stand with the status quo. The hope of the world! And it is an undying hope! And, because it is undying it will be eternally creative in the final technique of human society. For the great, lonely, minority souls who dare conventionality; who dare the status quo; who dare to say that because it is old it is not necessarily right; who dare to say that God can become a demonstrable reality to every human soul; that mankind has the potentiality and that when it is rightly directed it turns into kinetic energy and man can build a decent society; these lonely souls can win. The lonely soul! The minority! I could name a dozen of them in one breath. I see them standing, holding aloft the torch, as the reading of the morning said. Holding it aloft, though the mob howls and hisses and though they be spat upon. There they stand.

As long as such people live, do not give up hope for the world! They will come again: Gandhi, Garribaldi, Mazzini, Tolstoy, Chauteau Briand, William Morris and Wilberforce, Hugo and Renaud and Voltaire; Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin, and Ralph Waldro Emerson and Abraham Lincoln: men who can stand in a minority while a world laughs and hisses at their dreams. These are the hope of the world; and the immortal Lincoln knew it then, when he said once, "If I am right a thousand angels swearing I am wrong will make no difference. If I am wrong a thousand angels swearing I am right will make no difference." While the lowliest figure of them all hangs there on the cross—the climax of hate and power and empire at their worst. The heart of Christ on the cross —alone—and germinating from that loneliness is a life; and that life, truly vitalized in your life and mine would re-make the world; and that's my hope for the world!

You try it! Try it in your own life! Try it in your attitude toward the world! Don't you care what they say! Don't care how they hurt you!

Elbert Hubbard said, "God will never look any man over for his medals, for degrees, for diplomas. God will look us over for scars." These are the emblems of hope and no man and no woman is wholly destroyed or gone, if they can find somewhere a lingering, flickering, flame of hope.

Ways

God has most simple ways.
He likes a stable's covering
And little lambs that shepherds bring.
His majesty aside He lays;
You would not know He is a King,
He has such humble ways.

See where He lies, quite sweet and small,
A Baby in an ox's stall
Smiling to meet His mother's gaze.
You could not fear this God at all;
He has such tender ways.

But look you, how the heavens blaze!
And hark you, what angelic praise
Resounds! Indeed, He is a King,
And these be Godlike ways.

Sister M. Madeleva

(From "A Christmas Book"
Edited by Rita M. Sammon)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS EVE for many years has meant a recaptured moment in my life, for it was on a Christmas Eve I bade my mother goodbye and never saw her again alive. My mother had made for our Christmas dinner my favorite pie, because her boy would be home on Christmas Eve. It was a cherry pie, and I can see the glisten in her lovely eyes as she came into the dining room with that pie.

As I walked out of our little kitchen in the humble home we shared, on my way to the station to board a train back to the city—went out of the kitchen door onto the porch, down the steps to the sidewalk, I looked back and there at the kitchen window stood my mother. She was so young, only forty-four, and her apron was up to her face, for she was drying the tears in her eyes. The last scene of my mother, that has remained with me all these years, was of mother in tears on Christmas Eve. But they were tears of love.

That is the wonder of Christmas! In spite of the brutality of the materialists and in spite of all the interpretations from the hearts of those who are not touched by the truth and beauty of it, it lives! The most beautiful fact in the world is that this experience lives. The wonder of it! And the wonder of Christmas is the power of love; for a microscopic particle of love is finally more powerful than a million atom bombs!

That is the power of Christ. He gave love to the world, and that is what Christmas means, for it is love and love alone the world needs. And Christmas is the best day in the year to find that love.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

CHRISTMAS IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Sunday, December 18, at 7:30 o'clock

ANNUAL CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PLAY
Candle Light Service by Children of the Church School
CHRISTMAS PLAY, Dickens' "A PLOT TO OVERTHROW CHRISTMAS"
by The Uptown Players, with J. Bradley-Griffin directing.

Monday, December 19, at 8:00 o'clock

CANDLE LIGHT SERVICE AND CHRISTMAS PLAY REPEATED

Wednesday, December 21, at 8 o'clock

DR. BRADLEY'S CHRISTMAS BOOK REVIEW
"JOURNEY INTO CHRISTMAS" by Bess Streeter Aldrich

Friday, December 23, at 7:00 o'clock

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS PARTY OF THE CHURCH SCHOOL
Fine program—Visit from Santa Claus—A gift for every child

Sunday, December 25, at 11 o'clock

ANNUAL CHRISTMAS DAY SERVICE—Dr. Bradley's subject:
"A STAR OVER THE WORLD"

Sunday, December 25, at 7:30 o'clock

CHRISTMAS NIGHT SERVICE—Dr. Bradley's subject:
"HOW TO MAKE CHRISTMAS LAST"

Saturday, December 31, 11 p.m. until midnight
ANNUAL WATCH NIGHT SERVICE

Sunday Morning Service.....11:00
Broadcast WJJD
Sunday School.....9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.
Sunday Evening Service.....7:30
The Sunday evening service is always preceded by an organ concert by Mr. Walter Flandorf, our Musical Director.

GREAT BOOK SERIES

Book Lectures for December

December 7—"My American Heritage" collected by Ralph Henry and Lucille Pannell
December 14—"The Autobiography of Will Rogers"
December 21—"Journey Into Christmas" by Bess Streeter Aldrich
December 28—"A Guide to Confident Living" by Norman Vincent Peale

* * *

The Annual Peoples Church Bazaar was the most successful in the entire history of the church. Detailed reports were given at the business meeting of the Woman's Club and will be read at the Annual Meeting of the Church.

The Church Trustees and Dr. Bradley are deeply grateful to the Bazaar Committee, consisting of Mrs. W. A. Stehle, of the Woman's Club, Chairman, Mrs. E. Wilbur, Co-Chairman, and to all the affiliated Organizations

of the church and every individual church member and radio member and friend of the church who helped in this great success.

* * *

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The December calendar of The Woman's Club includes a December 5th meeting in charge of the American Home Department, when Florence Van Voorhees, table stylist for Carson Pirie Scott & Co., will give her very popular lecture and display

"The Art of Table Setting."

Mrs. C. M. Anderson will be chairman and hostess of the day, assisted by Mrs. H. Bestorp, Miss E. Radtke, and Mrs. F. Van Engers.

At their second meeting of the month, on December 19th, they will hold a Christmas Party in which they have invited the Veterans at the Marine Hospital to share.

The special hostesses for the event, Mrs. W. A. Winbaugh, chairman of Veterans' and Volunteer Service, and Mrs. George Hettinger, Music Chairman, have arranged for cars to transport the veterans to and from the hospital.

Mrs. Winbaugh will present the guests with a Collapsible Chair for their use at the hospital. Funds for the purchase of this chair were raised through the making and sale of afghans and other articles.

Mrs. Glen Thomson, program chairman, will present the guest artists, Martin Hughes, star of stage and radio, who will do humorous impersonations; and Dianne Andrews, concert marimbist who will furnish the music.

Assistant hostesses will include Mrs. Earl E. Clark, Mrs. Lou Hangel and Mrs. W. E. Hughes.

* * *

MEN'S CLUB

On the last Monday in November the Men's Club had an overflow audience for their BIG SPORTS NIGHT. Celebrities in the field of sports were there by the dozens.

From the Cubs, came Charley Grimm, Harold George, Andy Lotshaw, Pat Pieter, Phil Cavaretta and Andy Pafko.

From the White Sox, there were Charles Comiskey, Johnny Rigney, Frank Lane, E. R. Flora; and players Herb Adams and Johnny Ostrowski.

Among the Bears there were Washington Serini, Bob Perina, Don Kindt, Big Ed Ecker and others.

Northwestern provided Capt. Maynor, Line Coach for five years and World's Light Heavy Weight Champion Wrestler (1920).

The Chicago Stags were represented by Leo Barnhorst and Cleggie Hernsen; also Mickey Rottner, Prominent Director, and several players.

Ed. McGuire of the Chicago Cardinals Football Team was on hand; as was also famous Max Carey, leading base stealer for ten years.

Jack Brickhouse and Harry Creighton, sports announcers, were present.

There was John W. Wood, President of the National Socker Coaches Association of American Prize Fighters.

Sammy Mandell, Lightweight Champion of the World (1926-1930) attended, as did Harry Dublinsky, who beat four fighting Champions in non-title fights.

The Men's Club will not have a meeting in December, as their regular meeting night is too close to Christmas Day. For January, on Monday, the 23rd, the Men's Club will present Mr. Charles E. Mason, famous for his talks on Abraham Lincoln. This is a return engagement for Mr. Mason, but he will present an entirely different phase of Lincoln's life than he gave previously. He will have with him his ever popular "Barber Shop Quartet."

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

For their first meeting in December the Business Women of the church have planned an Autobiography Night. Autobiography is almost universally interesting. We all want to know about the life of the other fellow. What better way is there to get acquainted and to judge of another than by knowing something of that person's life?

On Tuesday evening, December 13th, the Business Women are going to give their autobiographies. Perhaps they will tell you a bit of their personal history, perhaps it will be about the particular business they are interested in. Don't imagine that it will be boring, this autobiography night, for no one will be allowed more than two minutes. Thus it will be fair to all, and no one will be able to feel overlooked. If your life has been interesting, so much the better for your two minutes. If you get right down to it, you will be surprised at just how much you can put into that amount of time.

* * *

A Party for the Mary Bartelme Girls of Lakewood House

The second December meeting of the Business Women will be held on Monday evening, December 19th, when the club will entertain the young ladies from Lakewood House at the Candle Light Service and Christmas Play at the Peoples Church. Afterward there will be refreshments in Anderson Hall and gifts for the girls.

* * *

A Dale Carnegie Course May Be Held in the Peoples Church

As this December number goes to press, a mass meeting and demonstration night has been planned for Monday, December 5th, when an opportunity will be given to the people of Uptown Chicago to learn all about the famous and very popular Dale Carnegie Classes in Effective Speaking and Human Relations.

Late last fall, Dr. Bradley reviewed Mr. Carnegie's book, "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living" on his regular evening broadcast, and in January this year he interviewed Mr. Carnegie on his WGN broadcast. An "Indoctrination Class" was held in the church, a short stepped-up course of fifteen lessons, and the Alumni group meets every month in Anderson Hall.

Dr. Bradley, because of his great interest in adult education, has invited the Mid-West Institute to hold this meeting on December 5th in Anderson Hall and to give a free demonstration and explanation of the Dale Carnegie Course to the public of Uptown Chicago.

Report on the outcome of this meeting will be made in the January number of The Liberalist.

* * *

SCOUTS

Our Scout Troops are growing by leaps and bounds.

Mrs. Vera Swanson reports that on December 9th, in Anderson Hall, Mr. Leonard A. Rotzoll of the Boy Scouts of America will explain the Cub Scout program to 8, 9 and 10 year old boys and their parents. Movies will be shown and all questions answered.

* * *

CHOIR NOTES

Sunday, December 4th, Miss Marcia Sandahl of the Peoples Church Quartet will give a song recital in the auditorium of North Park College, 3225 West Foster Avenue.

* * *

The evening of December 4th will mark the beginning of participation of the American Television Chorus, Walter Flandorf, director, in the evening

services of The Peoples Church. The young men of the chorus are all students at the American Television College here in Chicago.

* * *

The Choir will hold a rehearsal and Christmas Party on Friday, December 16, at the home of Ethel Reid Lundberg, 4126 North Keystone Avenue, at 8 o'clock. The rehearsal will precede the party. Esther Nonnebruch will be in charge.

* * *

A YULETIDE GREETING

Most phrases become ineffectual and meaningless with constant repetition. The truth they symbolize becomes trite and unappealing. Yet there is a fine exception in that old expression, "A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year." Clustering about this old, old wish are myriads of memories; memories which begin with the earliest recollections of life, for somehow we always think much about those early years at Christmas time. In the midst of all the gladness we have solemn moments when we think of other hearts "loved and lost awhile."

The enrichment which comes to life because of this universal expression of "peace and good will" immeasurably advances the world upon its way. The universality of the wish elevates the whole of life. The very air at the Yuletide season is vibrant with hope and love.

People act differently. Courtesy is more noticeable. Kindliness is more apparent. Tolerance is more evident. It is more difficult to be vindictive and revengeful. Hate and ugliness are eliminated by substitution. Love and beauty reign. It's Christmas time and our best selves are revealing the sublimities of our nature. It is only one week from Christmas to New Year's Day, but it is a whole year from New Year's to Christmas. What a world this would be if the holiday spirit of love and good wishes would linger in our hearts through all the days from New Year's to Christmas!

We wish we could personally express to every friend and member of our church, to our radio audience, and to every reader of these lines our gratitude for all they have done to encourage and inspire us during the past year. Old friends have been loyal and staunch, new friends have gladdened our hearts. It has been a happy year. To all of you who have made this possible, we express our deepest gratitude.

The reciprocal relationships of life are many. We want to be of increasing value to you. We want to help you always. May this be your happiest Christmas and the New Year your best year. For the past we are eternally grateful; we await the future with hope and love in our hearts.

Grace and Preston Bradley

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—*Tennyson.*

THE FESTIVAL OF THE HEARTH

HAVE you ever thought what would happen to your heart, how it would atrophy and stultify if you did not have a little moment when you could respond to this time of the hearth called Christmas? What an unbearable and insufferable world this would be if at regular and definite intervals we did not have these times that completely upset and run contrary to the usual routine of the rest of the year! Why, I tell you this world would soon wither up and its heart would grow cold if it were not for this regular occurrence, this reign of good-will that about this time of the year we all have.

And what is the joy of Christmas? Why, the joy of Christmas is surprise. When those little lads or lassies of yours at home slip down the stairway before it is dawn on Christmas morning and look at the tree that mother trimmed all evening after they were fast asleep, what is the joy that comes to that little heart? Why, it is the joy of surprise, isn't it?

Christmastime ought to be the time of year when we let our hearts run loose and have a regular riot of love.

Some years ago, Bert Leston Taylor, who conducted the "BLT" column in The Chicago Tribune, inaugurated a society which he called "SPUG," a rather unlovely and unromantic name and it stood for an unromantic thing. It was a society for the prevention of useless giving. Now I heartily agreed with and completely endorsed that peculiar artistry and genius of the much loved Mr. Taylor in everything but that. But I am frank to confess, as I am a heretic about religion, so I am a heretic about Christmas.

This everlasting attitude on the part of so many people who feel they find the highest expression of the Christmas joy when they say "Oh, you should give him somehing that he needs!" Now I am not in favor of that at all. What a joy it is at Christmas to get something we do not need at all! Something that just shows that someone had a little bit of love for us.

What a pitiful thing it is to rob yourself of the opportunity of joy at Christmas time. I think one of the loveliest things that any of us can do at Christmas is to remember our friends with the little intimacy of the spirit that comes with the Christmas cards.

With some folks life has lost all its savor and they have arrived at the place where they're beginning to be cynical and sort of Scroogelike. But you remember Scrooge could not make it work, after all, on Christmas Day. So I think it would be a perfectly lovely thing if every one of you who read these lines, whether you have any children or not, would have a Christmas tree, even though you may have only one little room to live in.

Just think of it! There are hundreds of thousands of people living in Chicago who are roomers. Several hundred thousand are going into this Christmas time with the limitations and reactions that come from living in one room! The city is filled with young people who have come here to make good. They have come from all parts, the farms and the homes of the Mississippi Valley; boys and girls here from Wisconsin; boys and girls here from Michigan; boys and girls here from Indiana; boys and girls here from Ohio, who have come into this great seething cauldron, facing it with its challenges and its problems.

Perhaps in your home there is a lad and you can just tell on Christmas

morning by the way he acts and by the things he does, that there is something eating at his heart. Memories of home! Or perhaps there is a girl studying music or art, and she is working here, and she is alone on Christmas Day.

What an opportunity for you to say, "Wouldn't you like to have Christmas dinner with us?" Perhaps your Christmas guest has been having dinner at cafeterias, carrying trays, eating where there are the reactions of discord and noise, where the soul has been impoverished all year. And you say, "Christmas dinner at home!" It will make his or her heart leap, for there is not another word in the English language that will do so much to save a man or a woman as the word "home."

You cannot have the Christmas spirit without emphasizing the spirit of home. Christmas is home time; the festival of the hearth.

Preston Bradley

MEDITATION

Dear Friend of our Souls:

After a busy week; after a week which has been one of anxiety and trouble and sorrow to a great many people;—a week of uncertainty and insecurity to many hearts, and a week of disillusionment and turmoil; a week which to others has been a week of trial; but whatever it has been in our lives, we are so grateful for these precious few minutes when we can shut it all out; all the noise of a city's streets; all the confusion and anxiety of our lives, everything, and just quietly, reverently and with receptivity wait for the presence and manifestation of Thy divine love.

We would cleanse ourselves from all unrighteousness in this moment. We do not feel the imperative of mediumship between thee and us. We do not depend upon things, materialistic evidences. We are so grateful that we can just walk into thy presence unannounced and alone, and thy tender heart of love sheds its rays upon us.

So might the presence of that love be felt everywhere just now; Might that presence walk into hospital rooms —the presence of Love, with quiet, healing beauty.

Perhaps in the congregation there is a heart worried, anxious. Manifest Thy love to them, too; everywhere.

And Oh, God, take the scales of blindness away from the leadership of the world. Do something about statesmen and Prime Ministers and Presidents and labor leaders and all the rest who have such an opportunity to build the Kingdom of Love. Help us to help wherever we can. All in the spirit of an ancient prayer—"Our Father, who art in Heaven."

Tribute to

MRS. DORA REYNOLDS

Sunday, October 23, 1949

by

Dr. Preston Bradley

Once again The Peoples Church of Chicago has been visited by that inevitable visitor which some day will knock at the doors of all our homes—the visitor and the Angel of Death. At 5:30 this morning, the Vice-President of our Board of Trustees, who has been identified with this church for many, many years, one of the dearest and best friends I have ever had, Mrs. Dora Reynolds, passed away. Mrs. Reynolds was in this church last Sunday morning. She sat in her seat there. I talked with her after the service. She went out to Gary and this morning at 5:30 she passed on.

Mrs. Reynolds was a former President of the Woman's Club of our church, the wife of Mr. J. J. Reynolds, City Engineer, who built our Munici-

pal Pier here in Chicago. Mr. Reynolds passed on some years ago. I conducted the funeral services of her father as well. A tragedy that perhaps some of you didn't know, she carried in her heart all these years, which she kept hidden back of her cheerfulness, her spirit, her helpfulness. She was a great heart. She carried all these years a tragedy she never said anything about. I never heard her discuss it. Privately we talked about it sometimes. Mrs. Reynolds and her lovely daughter sat side by side in the Iroquois Theatre, when the fire broke out in the theatre. Mrs. Reynolds was able to get out of the theatre, but she never saw her lovely daughter again. And all of these years the horror and the heartache of that experience has been in her life.

Everyone who knew Mrs. Reynolds loved her. This church has sustained a great loss and I have lost a good friend. You cannot be a part of a person's life for more than thirty-three years and then have them go out of your life without your heart being broken.

And so, as last Sunday she sat here and shared with us in the beauty of our service and read this litany with us, this morning, from the heights of the eternal battlements of Divine Love, she shares with us in this sacred moment of memory.

"By all the blessed memories of our dead."

BOOK CHATS

ABOUT a month and a half ago there was published a book on which I predict many new editions will be demanded. It is called "My American Heritage," and it contains a collection of songs (that is, the words of the songs, but not the music), of poems, speeches, sayings and other writings dear to the hearts of all Americans. The format itself is very beautiful for a moderate priced book, which this one is, and the outside jacket cover is attractive, indeed. The picture of the family on the back of the cover reminded me at once of the fascinating play "Life With Father." The front jacket illustrations give a foretaste of what will be found in the book, for there we see the Indian in front of his tepee, Paul Revere on his famous ride, Lincoln splitting rails, an old country mill by the side of a stream, and one illustration which I feel sure must represent Casey at the Bat.

The collection in this book is the work of Mr. Ralph Henry, one of this country's foremost bookmen, whose friendship I have valued for many, many years, and of Lucile Pannell, winner of the 1949 Constance Lindsay Skinner Award, as the "most outstanding bookwoman" of the year. These two well-known people have compiled "My American Heritage" out of their long experience in locating favorite selections for bookstore customers. Blending together the prose and verse selections in this book into one harmonious whole, are enchanting illus-

trations by John Dukes McKee, which are themselves as American in character as the text.

To me, the book is a precious contribution to any American home. The very spirit of America speaks from every page. It is filled with happy memories, wholesome reading and glowing inspiration. I cannot think of a lovelier gift for Christmas. The grown-ups will live all their younger days over again, and the youngsters will cherish and use the book for the rest of their lives. That makes it, as the introduction states, "a kind of feast which each of us will season with the salt and pepper of our own experiences and tastes." Everything in the book is rich with American flavor and expression. Everybody's favorites are here, from Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" to the immortal "Casey at the Bat"; from the wealth of "Poor Richard's" wisdom to James Whitcomb Riley's homespun humor; from rollicking "Yankee Doodle" to the noble prose of "The Gettysburg Address."

The compilers of this book have made the American people their debtors. The publishers of the book are Rand McNally & Company, and the anthology is appropriately dedicated "with love to the men and women who wrote the book." In the section under Childhood I was delighted to find selections from McGuffey's Readers, Eugene Field's "The Dinkey Bird" and "The Barefoot Boy"; then there's "The little girl who had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead," and the never-to-be-forgotten "Little drops of water, little grains of sand"; Edgar Guest's "Boy and His Dog," John Kendrick Bangs' "Little Elf-Man" and hundreds more, for it's a thick book, full of delights. There's a section called "Youth," with selections from Emerson, Lowell, Dickinson, Teasdale, Whittier, Robinson, Field, and I could go on and on; there are selections from Aladdin—there's Casey Jones—Poe's "The Bells," Carl Sandburg's "Fog"; there are Limericks; Riley's "Old Swimmin' Hole," with an illustration that's a classic—it seemed to me as I poured over this book that the illustrations alone were worth the price of the book.

The latter half of the book is just called "America," and what an America it is! I truly don't see how an American can do without it. Selections from Hiawatha, the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, A Rule from Geo. Washington's copybook, Franklin's Creed, Patrick Henry's speech, selections from Thomas Payne, Longfellow, Emerson's Concord Hymn, the Inscription on Plymouth Rock Monument, the Declaration of Independence, the Preamble to the Constitution, Drake's "American Flag," there are famous mottoes and sayings from our great men of the past; my beloved William Henry Channing is quoted here, and so is Emma Lazarus' poem to the Statue of Liberty.

Well, I guarantee if you will walk into your favorite book store or book department, and pick up the book "My American Heritage," you will either remain in the store all afternoon, fingering its pages, or walk out of the store with the book under your arm.

* * *

Mr. Wilferd A. Peterson, Vice-President of the Jaqua Company, a Grand Rapids, Michigan advertising agency, is the author of a lovely little book of 150 pages. He has specialized in writing and editing company magazines for leading firms in the middle-west for the past twenty years. Fifteen of his magazines have won awards in contests sponsored by the Direct Mail Advertising Association and the International Council of Industrial Editors. As a writer and speaker he champions

the American philosophy of life and the building of a dynamic peace. He has addressed many Service Clubs as well as national conventions of advertising men and editors. His writings have appeared in Printer's Ink, Your Life, Coronet and many, many other magazines and publications.

Harry Higdon, editor of the "Phoenix Flame," says of Mr. Peterson: "When Wilferd A. Peterson wrote me last year that he was considering the selection of some of his favorite editorials, essays and articles for reproduction in book form, I hastened to assure him that it was a grand idea. . . . I have shared many of his poems with business associates and personal friends and my scrapbooks and editorial files are filled to overflowing with clippings from publications he has edited. Bill's writings have the universal quality of international appeal. He was born in the little village of Whitehall, Michigan and began his writing career as a cub reporter on the Muskegon Chronicle. . . . One essay he wrote, The Art of Getting Along, is probably the most reproduced house organ article ever written. First published in 1931 its circulation is now in the millions, and still going strong. And there is no estimating how many million more people have heard it on such famous radio programs as The Breakfast Club of Don McNeil.

"Mr. Peterson believes in the power of the written word to create good will, produce harmonious industrial relations, support the cause of democracy and help build world peace. Strange, this business of writing poetic thoughts, inspirational essays and historical articles for cold, hard-headed industrialists? Not a bit of it! . . . After all, industry is made up of men—little men and big men—men just like those with whom we play golf or with whom we go fishing. . . . So meet Wilferd A. Peterson—poet, philosopher, historian to industry, editor, house organist extraordinary . . friend!"

Mr. Peterson says of himself that his life work is to pass along inspiring thoughts—to try to give men a mental lift. Surely he and I have something in common there and I deeply appreciate anyone who has such an aim in life. Mr. Peterson says, "The human interest stories, bits of philosophy and friendly thoughts which originally appeared in these magazines I have edited were not so much written *by* me as they were written *through* me. . . . The ideas have come from here, there and everywhere. Talking to an old printer gave me the inspiration to write 'A Printer's Prayer'; seeing the word 'America' on a billboard caused me to think about the meaning of each letter of the word as I drove along and resulted in the prose poem, 'America is a Beautiful Word.' I climbed a mountain and looked down on a village far below and, then and there, 'Mountain-top Men' began to take form in my mind. I walked among the tall pine trees near Interlochen, in Northern Michigan, and it seemed that they spoke to me, so I wrote 'The Pine Trees Talk.' I looked into the shining eyes of my little granddaughter and 'A Little Child Shall Lead Us' practically wrote itself."

Part I of the book he calls "The Art of Getting Along"; Part II, "Saga of America"; Part III, "Peace is More Than a Word"; Part IV, "The Philosophy of a Human Being"; Part V, "The Adventure of Business"; Part VI, "Time to Live"; Part VII, "The Flag Speaks"; Part VIII, "Salute to Youth"; Part IX, "American Miniatures"; and Part X, a short story called "The Man Who Discovered Christmas."

There are Ten Leads for Leaders, one of which is, "The successful leader

puts people first. Instead of *making* people work, he inspires them to *want* to work. He does not make people feel 'ordered around,' he teaches them to lead themselves." Think of these as subjects: "The Other Man's Moccasins"—Stop the Little Wars—Clenched Fists and Open Hands—I Believe in America—Peace is People—The Greatest Power in the world—Hello, New Day—Nuthin' Ever Happens Out Here — Personal Enemy Number One, Fear—In the section, Adventure of Business, we find A Business Man's Prayer and Beatitudes of Business, and this latter begins, "Blessed Be kindhearted purchasing agents, courteous information girls and office boys with freckles."

There is a short bit called "Great Wives," in which he quotes Grenville Kleiser's poem

"If you will keep your faith in me,—
Though life be like a stormy sea—
And difficult my task may be,—
I will succeed!"

There is A Daily Dozen for the Mind. There is a very lovely outdoors section called "Time To Live." In it there are two and a half pages under the heading "Relax for Power." More than any other thing in this kind of a world we are in, do people need to learn to relax.

In an essay called "Alibi for Laziness," Mr. Peterson, after stating the case of a friend who worships at the shrine of the Great God Exercise, has this to say: "Speaking of animals that are supposed to set us a good example, the dog dies in from ten to fifteen years, the squirrel in from ten to twelve, and the hare in from seven to eight. Strenuous exercisers everyone! Now, what about the lazy animals? The tortoise who is a world's champion for laziness enjoys the greatest longevity—200 to 300 years. The elephant who shuffles along taking its time lives from 100 to 150 years. The swan who glides slowly through life often reaches the 102 year mark. So here you have a perfect alibi for missing your exercise and just relaxing now and then."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

HAVEN'T you sometimes wondered how folks ever managed to celebrate Christmas without greeting cards? Christmas cards have come to be the universal gift, you might call them, used by rich and poor the world around; the only difference being, the rich ordered theirs engraved, hand tinted in original designs by the hundred to fit their social list, while the working girl buys hers at the "Five and Ten," choosing a few from the large variety offered at the crowded counter. And what a beautiful custom it is! Many a heart has been gladdened by a Christmas greeting from a friend,

who they thought had forgotten. Many a life in the shadow of sorrow at this merry season has been cheered and comforted by a Christmas card bearing the message of thoughtful friends. Lonely, estranged hearts have been drawn together again by the sending and receiving of a Christmas card whose message they felt was especially written for them. Oh, there is a deal of precious sentiment carried around by these dainty decorative bits of pasteboard!

While the Christmas card is a comparatively new custom among Christmas traditions, it is not an "infant industry," as it was in 1846 (103 years ago) that the first Christmas card—first in the sense that it was the forefather of the present Christmas card idea—was sent out. It originated with one Sir Henry Cole, who was also the pioneer in illustrating children's books with woodcuts of famous paintings.

No one knows where Sir Henry got the idea for his Christmas cards, possibly from the custom at that time of English school boys writing "Christmas pieces" on paper, which they decorated with many fantastic scrolls and flourishes of penmanship. This first card Sir Henry sent to his friends bearing his good wishes for the holiday season, was designed and published by H. C. Horsley of Old Bond St., London. Strange to say, his friends didn't appreciate his remembrance and he received so much criticism that he never tried it again. So the greeting card would have died in its infancy as far as he was concerned. However, in the early sixties, ornamented note paper began to be shown in the best shops at the holiday time and became increasingly popular. Next, colorful designs were stamped in the center of the card with embossed edge—and thus slowly the Christmas card idea came back to life.

America did not make use of this lovely custom until several years later when a Boston lithographer, Louis Prang, exhibited samples of his flower-decorated business card at an exposition in Vienna, where they attracted considerable attention. He had an agency in London and one of his women employees suggested that in place of his firm name he place a "greeting" and send out the card at Christmas. This he did the following year (1874) which marks the beginning of the Christmas card in this country. A few years later an English company offered prizes for Christmas card designs and held an exhibit of the best submitted in Dudley Hall, London.

About the same time a Boston manufacturer held a similar exhibit and offered $2,000 for the first prize winner. At the London contest most of the prize winners were women, and one of these later became famous as an illustrator of children's books, as well as Christmas cards—Kate Greenway. The exhibits and contests stimulated interest to a high degree.

"One of the art events of 1880 was a Christmas card exhibition arranged by Louis Prang at the American Art Galleries," writes one investigator in the history of Christmas cards. Such men as Richard Hunt, John LaFarge and Louis Tiffany became sufficiently interested to act as judges, and the best artists began to be deliberately sought, and twenty-two artists of highest rank were commissioned to paint designs for cards, and these were purchased and entered in the popularity contest. Among those whose work was shown was E. H. Blashfield, dean of American rural painters, and J. Alden Weir. This collection was exhibited in New York, the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and the Chicago Art Institute. It seems until the eighties the design and

decorative quality of the card was the main idea, then poetry became a popular addition to the greeting, and several noted poets walked into the Christmas card field. It is said an English firm once offered Lord Tennyson $5,000 for twelve poems of eight lines each, but he refused the offer.

The religious motif has been the most popular from the beginning, but every conceivable idea connected with Christmas is used to advantage: camels, shepherds, wise men, stars, crescents, candles, holly, mistletoe, plum puddings and what not? Ultra-modern styles present black tracings on gold cards or white scenes on black grounds; automobiles putting reindeer out of business to carry the jolly old Dutch patron saint—Santa Claus! Radio, instead of merry men in red coats singing carols before a gateway, airplanes in place of rocking old stage coaches with cracking whips and prancing horses bringing children home to grandmothers! I like old-fashioned ones best—homey doorsteps, farm houses nestled in a blanket of snow, a big silver moon peeping through pine boughs, coaches and sleighing parties, and always, always, Santa Claus urging his ten reindeer over the housetops!

These messages from distant friends and relatives, near neighbors and radio friends, bring much of our Christmas joy to us! Whether the card be an original etching, or decorated vellum, or Woolworth's best variety, they all carry the same message, the message of Good Will, the Spirit of Christmas! And we appreciate every one!

* * *

Among the many fine letters this month, I find it hard to choose a few for the Christmas Mail Bag. This one from "Mrs. Santa Claus" (we will call her) seems specially appropriate and in tune with the season. I think it is a lovely letter and another proof that God answers prayer. She writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: We, my husband and I, have enjoyed your sermons tremendously for many years and you have been a source of great inspiration to myself particularly, for your philosophy of life.

"Again this year you have inaugurated in your Thanksgiving sermon the policy of writing to someone who has been a messenger of help in our lives in some way, and I truly believe that you are one who has played on important part in the building of a better way of life for me.

"I love your church which I think has the finest basic creed of any church, and I name the first line as being the outstanding phrase in your 'Invitation to Worship,'—'I believe in the beauty of tolerance.'

"I appreciate the stand you take and the courage and conviction you have in your preaching. I am becoming more and more conscious of the fact that we are mirror-images of God and should reflect Him in all we do, and think the real person we wish to be.

"For years, while growing up, I stinted myself of my rightful place in life, but am learning through applied effort to listen for the still small voice inside that guides me. I am not ashamed to say that all I have and every blessing I am given is through answered prayer. In your Thanksgiving sermon you said you wished that Thanksgiving might be over before we began thinking in terms of Christmas, and I am in complete accord with that. You mentioned too that it was no doubt intended to subtly motivate the currents of business.

"One thing for which I am particularly grateful is an opening which presented itself, though it took a number of years for it to take place. It has to do with my husband's great talent

for entertaining and making children of all races and creeds happy. You see, he is a marvelous Santa Claus and what took months of planning finally culminated in a most sensational exhibition of 'gala-ness' just this past Saturday, when he took part in the State Street Parade as Chicago's official Santa Claus. I am most grateful as I have prayed and worked toward this benefaction for him for two years and now I am all the more aware of our inner potentialities, as you try so hard to make clear to your listeners.

"I am grateful for the opportunity of writing you and extend my best wishes." Most sincerely, Mrs. Viola Peets.

* * *

Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, Dr. Bradley's secretary in the study and assistant to the editor in the work of The Liberalist, received such a beautiful letter from a friend that when she gave it to me to read I asked to be allowed to use it in the Christmas Liberalist.

At Christmas, when most of the world thinks a little more about the spiritual influence on our lives than at any other time, when love fills the heart and Good is omnipresent, the healing power of prayer is felt and the miracle happens. We are grateful for this beautiful letter and happy for the writer of it. The letter follows:

"Dear Ethel: I was thrilled when Dr. Bradley announced about his going to Washington today (Thursday) to participate in the ever-important discussion regarding world fellowship and relations. May it be a most successful journey for him and an inspiring beginning of good work to be done.

"We had been quite busy with school routine and last Wednesday evening I had to be rushed to the hospital. We had hoped to be blessed with an heir in Spring, but nature took an unexpected turn at this point and we were very saddened by the mishap. I was particularly crushed the first days and thought it would be many a day before I could regain my spiritual courage, but a miracle happened during Dr. Bradley's silent prayer and prayer moments last Sunday morning. The experience is unexplainable—a miracle is all I can say. From a crushed spirit a transformation to strength, a strong reaffirmation of faith, and peace, and courage—in a matter of those minutes of prayer.

"I left the hospital Sunday afternoon a new person, and try as I could to feel sad—I can't to this day. The power and strength that came, I still maintain is a miracle. I am writing this detail to explain my innermost desire to obtain a copy of Dr. Bradley's prayer that followed the silent prayer. It contained the message that brought an experience I'll never forget. I do so hope there is some record of it, and if so, would be so grateful of you would send it to me.

"I feel it will be necessary for me to refrain from any other activities except my work here at school, so am saddened that I will not be a part of the Carnegie group for a few months anyway.

"Please give Dr. Bradley our deepest thanks for his unfailing love, kindness, and inspiration and wonderful messages.

"With kindest regards to you, Ethel, I am, Sincerely,"

* * *

Here is a very fine letter which comes from a young man in the Veterans T.B. Sanitarium, whose *sincere desire* to give something to help lift the indebtedness of the church he is interested in bears fruit. A great religious leader once wrote in an article on Prayer, "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire." His letter is indicative of a fine character:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I was able to listen to your inspirational Sermon Sunday. When people live a life of uncertainty as we do at the sanitarium, we have ample time to weigh your words carefully and derive plenty of help from them—they are indeed a great comfort.

"When in closing you mentioned the $250,000 mortgage, I had a fervent desire to help, if I only could, in a big way. That of course is impossible, but this morning a friend sent a dollar in the mail. I am glad to send it to you for that purpose. Very best wishes, Edward Collier."

* * *

And now we must close our Mail Bag, but first I want to give you an excerpt from a letter Dr. Bradley was pleased to receive from our Chicago Superintendent of Schools, Herold C. Hunt. They attended a large Rotary Luncheon together where over a thousand men were present, and Dr. Bradley was the speaker. Mr. Hunt wrote, "Thank you for that wonderful address you gave us at Rotary this noon." It was so kind of him to take time to write immediately to express his appreciation of Doctor's address, and other things quite too personal to quote.

And now—I wish you all Happy Holidays. May Peace abide with you and the Spirit of Christmas fill your hearts!

KEEP — ON — THE — BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER

2—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Unitarian Church, Evanston

3—Radio Address. WGN
Cut records for NBC
Board Meeting. Peoples Church

4—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Greater St. John Baptist Church

5—Radio Address. WGN

6—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Annual Dr. Bradley Day, Uptown Lions Club Edgewater Beach Hotel
Address, Friends of Literature Cordon Club, Fine Arts Bldg.

7—Radio Address. WGN
Luncheon with Mrs. Stevens of Stevens Candy Co. & Conference
Meeting Chicago Public Library Trustees
Address. South Shore Baptist Church
Conference at WGN

9—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Warren Avenue Congregational Church

10—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Chamber of Commerce Whitcomb Hotel. St. Joseph, Mich.

11—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Borrowed Time Club, Evanston, Ill.
Address, Prof. & Business Womans Club, Peoples Church

12—Radio Address. WGN
Meeting Midland Authors — Ricardo's

13—Radio Address. WGN

14—Radio Address. WGN
Made sick calls
Address. Peoples Church School Dinner. Anderson Hall

15—Made sick calls
16—Morning Sermon Peoples Church
Address. Country Church of the City
Address. 70th Birthday S. Kaimoko. Sherman Hotel
17—Radio Address. WGN
Opening Radio Address, Hirsch Program, WGN
18—Radio Address. WGN 10 a.m.
Address. Men's Club. Drexel Presby. Church
Radio Address. WGN 10 p.m.
19—Radio Address. 10 a.m.
Radio Address. 10 p.m.
20—Radio Address. WGN 10 a.m.
Address. Financial Public Relations Assn. Edgewater Beach Hotel
Radio Address. WGN 10 p.m.
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